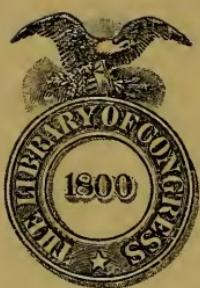


—THE—
GREAT SECRET

HENRY ROSCH VANDERBYLL



Class 50431

Book V3

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THE GREAT SECRET

WHAT AM I? WHENCE CAME I?
WHITHER SHALL I GO?

BY
HENRY ROSCH VANDERBYLL



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PREFACE

IN the pages of this book is expressed, as clearly as such is possible, the hidden meaning of Life.

Needless to say that Webster's dictionary does not contain enough words which could be adequately used for the purpose of telling humanity of the Great Secret. The soul, if sufficiently developed, is more or less able to CONCEIVE the truth of Existence, but our lips shall never be able to utter same.

The poem "Eureka" is meant to be an answer on Fitzgerald's masterpiece: the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, which, alas, is not always being admired for its beauty of style

Preface

and rhythm only, but also for its philosophy. The philosophy—if such we may call it—expressed in the Rubaiyat, is absolutely negative, and a direct insult to the beauty of Eternity that permeates the Whole. It is a philosophy that is greedily taken possession of by the Life-pessimist, the weakling. It is a sad enough truth that there are a great number of Omars walking through Life, without their weak, pessimistic beliefs being strengthened by such a philosophy as is expressed in the Rubaiyat.

In our other pieces we have emphasized the importance of Man's Thought of Self or Self-consciousness, which is, as our personal experience and observation would tell us, the key to Life's secret chamber. In our opinion, Man should answer the riddle of the Universe as follows: "My Self is, and therefore mys-

Preface

tery, sorrow and pleasure are. My Self is, and therefore God is not; but when my Self is not, God is."

Our apology for the appearance of this book is that "we had to write it." We have suffered and struggled, and believe to have found a remedy that will cure despair and defeat. We see humanity suffer and struggle and, naturally, are anxious to acquaint people with said remedy, which chiefly consists of Existence-wisdom.

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THE GREAT SECRET

AN APOLOGY AND AN APPEAL TO
THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

I

I CAME from across the sea,
O! far from across the waves,
Where the world seemed small to me
And the people but its slaves.

And oft on the shore I stood,
Alone on its shifting sand,
Saw the sun-rays turn to blood
O'er a distant dreamt-of land.

The Great Secret

The song of the waves would bring
Vague dreams of a mighty state,
Where the souls of humans sing
Praise unto th' Eternal Great.

And the lisp of the breeze would bear
The thoughts of a nation wide,
Soaring high and everywhere,
Marking Progress' mental tide.

I knew — in that distant land,
Whenever I roamed the shore —
That, beyond, alone I'd stand,
And my soul would yearn, no more.

II

I breathed a farewell to all
That claimed me a native son —
To the world that seemed so small,
To the streams that smoothly run.

The Great Secret

'Tis said, I have sunken low
By leaving the spot that bore
Home and cradle, joy and woe
Of the ones I still adore.

But wide is the Earth of ours,
And deep is the Universe;
Fair are all the growing flowers,
Bright the stars that Heav'n traverse.

And I'm a child of the Deep,
Whose secrets I may convey
Unto those that stoop and weep
And from Faith and Wisdom stray.

A child of the All am I —
Of stars and the Milky Band,
Child of Man and Earth and sky,
Child of my own native land!

The Great Secret

III

I found on America's shore
The All represented in Man:
Lo! the nature-child of yore
E'en *his* soul develop can.

I found on America's shore
The All represented in Thought:
Emblems the buildings that soar
Are of dreams in sky-depths sought.

I found on America's shore
The All represented in deed:
Slave and Master are no more —
All are brothers in their need.

And a child of the All am I —
Of stars and the Milky Band,
Child of Man and Earth and sky:
Child of th' American land!

EUREKA

(*A poem dealing with the Great Secret*)

I

THE HAND OF FATE

METHOUGHT a mighty hand invisible,
Whose near approach no Wisdom could fore-
tell,
Would dart from the Unknown, and lead the
way
Capriciously to Heaven or to Hell.

Resist? Ah, well, who knew the Hand of
Fate
To spare a victim or to hesitate

The Great Secret

In striking? Carefree pansy, bid adieu:
A nymph hath crushed thee beneath her
weight.

I climbed the snow-clad mountain-peak that
soars
High into depths where virgin silence roars;
And from each cave, each crevice, darted
forth
That grim, dark sentinel of Earthly shores.

And in the heart of desert-sands I stood,
And tempted Fate, her might and cruel mood;
When merely stirred one single grain of dust
That took the sight of one who challenge
would.

O Thou! Who on this Earth my body cast,
With Death my Future and without a Past —

The Great Secret

What power greater than Thy image-soul
Should count my years to live, from first to
last?

That silence, brooding at the starry gates,
It knows all secrets; and to him who waits,
This answer thunders through the pensive
night:
THOU, THOU THYSELF, art one of mil-
lion Fates!

The night is still and from Life's bosom calls
A voice that is no voice; and as it falls
With thunder-clatter on the silent Deep
And echoes down the Universal halls,

I know that Fate, or Complement of Soul
That would th' Imperfect make a Perfect
Whole,

The Great Secret

Hath beckoned me. Come, lead the way, O,
thou,
Who yet art mine, though e'er beyond control!

Nor think that my Fate is alike to thine,
For as the rose in beauty more divine
Is first to seek her Fate, thus broader souls
Know deeper pain, oft greater joy, than mine.

II

FATE AND FAITH

More grief? And are not Progress' stepping-stones
Bedded in ashes, strewn with withering bones?
See then a greater nation seek its birth
In the last quiver of its dying moans.

The Great Secret

My dreamt-of 'sweetheart have I long forgotten:

The pain, the torture, when our bonds were riven,

Did strike a chord of slumbering Beauty's lyre —

And 'twas a Hell that paved the way to Heaven.

I pray not God to keep me from all pain,

Nor crave the rose of Happiness in vain;

And should the thorns be hurtful, more or less,

Thee, Mighty One, I hear . . . , I try again.

III .

I AM

'Tis true: the hyacinth one season knows,

And only once the tulip's petals close;

The Great Secret

The spring is born and blooms to fragrant
death

When o'er the land the summer-zephyr blows.

In golden splendor summer fades away:
“The rose is scarced, beloved, my temple
gray;
“Come nearer, for our blended hearts now
beat
“The solemn death-march of the autumn-
day.”

And winter’s blast hath petrified all Life:
“Ah, vain our hopes and purposeless our
strife;
“Undone our tears, annulled the joy of
years—
“Our last caress, our last embrace, my
wife. . . .”

The Great Secret

And is then all the shadow of a light
That breaks the cloud-mass of th' Eternal
night?

A flitting shadow that appears and goes
For evermore? But then, that light . . . ,
that light. . . .

And haunted by that phantom-echo, WHY,
That calls from night-depths and the starry
sky,

I sought the river's brink, and at my feet
Murmured Eternity's sweet lullaby.

The forest pondered in a conscious sleep,
The night-breeze searched the valley and the
steep,
And thousand star-worlds, million centuries,
Did gaze and wonder at the mighty Deep.

The Great Secret

Fair goddess Truth! How oft thy still abode
I sought where airy clouds the Heaven rode;
Too near thy dwelling-place, I gazed beyond,
And preying Error hid my only God.

'Twas then and there within me roared: I
AM!

From everywhere the silence roared: I AM!
Ah, death and dust and closing clutch of
Time:

Though all be born to die — yet, yet, I AM!

Not as the star that wafts her silver ray,
Not as the stream whose ripples whirling play,
But as that somber, gaping depth above —
That Nothingness that knew Creation's day.

Not as the eye whose lustre dims with years,
Not as the lips whose smile Time's burden
bears,

The Great Secret

But as that stillness that pervades the
Whole—
That silence brooding o'er the thundering
spheres.

IV

AS THE MIND FEARETH

Many a man would fear the midnight-hour
When Death annihilates all human power;
He scans the clock whose needles ever move,
He sucks the dew, the core, of Pleasure's
flower.

“I live but once,” thus whispers soothing
thought;
“The past and future merging into naught,
“Should I to-day, when roses bid me stoop,
“Reject their perfume that for me was
wrought?”

The Great Secret

“ This Life is one of e'er returning morn
“ Whose rosy hues the tomb of night adorn ;
“ And lo ! our little lives shall breathe no more
“ On unknown shores where other lives are
 born.”

“ Upon the threshold of Hereafter’s door,
“ O, sweetheart, yield the lips I now adore ;
“ For this I know, if once inside I pass,
“ Thy kiss and mine shall mingle nevermore.”

V

AS THE SOUL SPEAKETH

O, thou, who idly protest of a soul
Eternal ; part and parcel of the Whole ;
Akin to God, and ever in the Now
Existing, whilst the ages dying roll ;

The Great Secret

Yet wouldest thou be a helpless doll of clay,
Wrought by thy Master in His mood of play.
A fancy-toy with power to move and think,
And privilege to suffer Life away.

VI

THOU THYSELF SHALT SOLVE THE SECRET

And ye that seek Existence to unmask
With strength of Reason or the wine-filled
flask,
Waste not your brain-dust on the Book or
Grape:
Ye are unequal to a simple task!

Nor beg of prophets, nor of Christ the Lord,
To lift the veil or lisp the secret word;

The Great Secret

And that mute lily, yes, she knows it all —
But, ah! in vain your greed for Wisdom
stirred.

If Dust I was, to Dust I must return,
Then from that Dust the Secret I may learn ;
Nor from the sages can I Wisdom draw,
Nor from the spheres that in the sky-depths
burn.

VII

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL

Thou lover! Deep within thy sweetheart's
eyes,
Yes, read the mystery of mysteries :
In THEM recall Eternity of yore,
In THEM retrace Life's untold histories.

The Great Secret

And now she stoops above the nodding rose;
As if akin, her lips upon the petals close:
And that fair picture in the hush of eve —
It is the Secret that the Secret knows.

And now she moves with grace and pensive
brow,
Her heart enraptured with the ev'ning-glow;
And with her moves the story of the Deep,
The past and future of th' Eternal Now.

VIII

THE CONSCIOUS WAVE OF THE SECRET SEA

One star-lit night I roamed the barren shore,
The sea-song murmured of the Evermore;
And one by one the waves embraced the sand,
They came and went with e'er complaining
roar.

The Great Secret

Methought their combs inquiringly were bent,
And was it Fancy, or had the night-breeze
sent

These mortal whispers to the shore: “Where
IS
“That mighty sea that us Existence lent?”

Then sadly murmured one: “Ah, seek it not,
“That mighty ocean that the waves begot;
“Make haste! On yonder shore ’tis Death
that waits:

“To live and perish is our equal lot.”

And rose the moon with many a smile of
gold—

’Twere moon-y whispers that from Heaven
rolled:

“Yon heaving billows seek the secret sea
“As God was sought by many a Wise of old.”

The Great Secret

IX

LIFE'S SADNESS

Life! From my nook of solitude I hear
Life's whispers faint within the passing year:
The would-be-merry strain of music-halls,
Some rippling laughter and the dripping tear;

A beauteous thought in desert-nighthours'
frost,
A gleam, a scream of Happiness at most;
The crushing sound of trampled lily-stems,
And panting Love that languished, lived and
lost.

Ah! well the merry bells may tinkle-tink,
But strangely sad their merriment I think;

The Great Secret

And hear the bugle call through night and
dark,

And see the dawn-gray turn to morning-
pink. . . .

And e'en the Beauty of this world-abyss
Is marked with sadness and the tear of bliss;
Perhaps our beings are not ripe as yet,
And crave the fulness of th' Eternal kiss.

X

SORROW, WHY ART THOU?

To thee, yes, shall I smile and happy be,
But grudge me not my soul-deep misery;
For I am wed to Beauty's only child —
The radiant Sorrow of Eternity.

She rocked my cradle in the days of yore,
She bade me wander on a lonely shore,

The Great Secret

And, O ! how oft her beauteous tortures
begged
The heart in me to hush and beat no more.

When manly youth first heated in my veins,
And, blindly, Joy would gallop without reins,
I loathed her irresistible caress,
Complained to Heaven of undeserved pains.

One night forlorn, my soul to madness lit,
In mountain-wilderness alone we met ;
And in her eyes I saw the Light Divine,
And in her voice heard voiceless Infinite.

XI

I AM, AND THEREFORE SORROW IS
She is no more, the Sorrow that would break,
And may my body bend, my heart-depths
ache,

The Great Secret

Lo! 'tis the soul that strengthens to the tear
Of her who GIVES the value she would
TAKE.

And some would smile and know not of her
kiss

Whose coolness savors of the dank abyss;
But pity them, for strange to pain and grief,
They smile their judgment: to be barred from
Bliss.

And others, more or less in Sorrow lost,
Ignore the Purchase but lament the Cost;
Nor dream that Loss in Tears is Gain in Soul,
And that the largest soul must suffer most.

In vain thy troubles at forbidden gates
Dismissed; for while thou revel'st with thy
mates

The Great Secret

And lift'st thy tumbler to the joy of Life—
Lo! patient Sorrow thy return awaits.

And over thee in slumber she shall bend,
And to thy dreams her saddening glory lend,
Till, one day, thou shalt hear and KNOW her
lisp,

And marvel at thy ill-acknowledged friend.

A friend! She would indeed become thy
slave,

As is the pebble of the rolling wave;
She haunts our souls, until we shall com-
mand

Her guidance to the Happiness we crave.

Think not our Master at the Cross of Shame
Suffered the tortures we would fear to name:

The Great Secret

The King of Mankind and the Son of God
Is blind to Sorrow and to Pleasure's flame.

XII

THE LIGHT THAT DARKENS

Long, long ago, no planets soared the Deep,
The rose-to-be was beauteous Thought asleep;
And all that was, was HE, was DUST, was
NAUGHT —
HE! HE!! Who soon would sow and grow
and reap.

Long, long ago, all Nothingness was I,
Both the low valley and the mountain high;
When thou and I and all the Universe
Did stir in Thought and bade the sun-worlds
fly.

The Great Secret

One atom of the Whole awoke one morn
AND KNEW IT WAS; and from this
knowledge born
Am I; I who have soared this Universe,
And in this Life felt homeless and forlorn.

I know Him not, the One Whose very soul
Breathed as mine own; for can the stars that
roll
With brilliant splendor through the ether-
depths
Conceive the light that permeates the Whole?

I know Him not, unless I dim the light
That speaks of ME, who through the star-lit
night
Roams with MY Sorrow and MY loneliness,
And in the clamorous day seek MY delight.

The Great Secret

XIII

GIVE AND RECEIVE

'Tis said that thought beyond all reason
proves
To mould her wishes into things she loves;
Indeed, her power transcends our fairest
dreams:
She grows the flower and the mountain
moves.

And why then, prithee, has not every one
Gathered the harvest of his dreams bygone?
Why is it that our hopeful visions come
And vanish as the ever-setting sun?

Beware, my friend, of such philosophy
That tells thy wish shall bring results to thee:
'Tis not by asking that thou shalt receive,
But GIVE, and thine is all Eternity.

The Great Secret

Be not the ONE who struggles to possess,
For in possession slumbers thy distress;
But be the many that forever aim
To find the unity of consciousness.

Be not the ATOM lost in own desire
To find its bliss in Heaven's seraph fire;
But be the WHOLE, the very son of God —
Then shall the strife for Happiness expire.

And still we read the tearful tales of woe
Of bards sublime whose Muse wept long ago:
Thou knew'st too well thy own deep suffering,
And thou wouldest suffer, sorrow-haunted
Poe!

Th' illustrious Byron, deeply wronged, alone,
As friend chose solitude and Hope had none:
Ah, read his verse that pictures but himself,
And leaves his brothers and the All undone.

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XIV

LOOKING BACKWARD

How oft, beloved, we sat at yonder stream,
When Earth was slumbering in the starry
gleam,
And wished this Universe were ours to rule,
And Life the Eden of our lover's dream.

And many years have rolled o'er thee and me,
And swept our dreams into Eternity ;
That sigh thou heaviest . . . , art thou not
content ?
Is Happiness not what it ought to be ?

O, come again ! The river's murmur calls,
And gentle moonlight on its ripple falls ;
And all the night is saturated with
That nameless beauty that the soul enthralls.

The Great Secret

Thou feelest humble, say'st thou, in the sea
Of depths that neither born nor doomed can
be;

But thou must not, for this is simple truth:
That Deep is father of the world and thee.

Thou art so little, say'st thou, but a grain
Of human dust upon the Cosmic Plain.
O, think it not: as big as all the world
Thou canst be, and as broad thou shouldst
remain.

'Tis when with selfish love I view thy charms
And all my longing to thy beauty warms,
That in the heart of BOUNDLESS Nothing-
ness

Thy LITTLE form I hold within my arms.

The Great Secret

To-night I will not see thy lovely lips,
Nor feel the touch of thy soft finger-tips ;
I wish to know thee as the Fathomless
Wherein the star her silver beauty dips.

And He Who mute is as the Deep above,
O, think Him not the far Unknown, my love ;
For He doth roam the time-worn Milky Way
And in the shadows of yon silent grove.

In this deep solitude of God-alone,
Lift not thy little hands to the Unknown,
Whom by His muteness we would judge to be
Or by His absence from the things we own.

He who in selfish fear and humbleness
Begs of his God to soften his distress,
He knows Him not; he is the son that thinks
More of himself and of his father less.

The Great Secret

Let Thought of Self not of the Whole partake,

Be joy forgotten and a dream our ache;
For "I" can no more know my lonely God
Than the loud ripple knows the murmuring
lake.

He who alone th' Eternal highway trod,
Whose "I" was silent as the lily's nod,
Had found the One Whom good and wicked
seek —

And people guessed more than they knew him
God.

To-night, dear heart, thy soul doth travel far
Beyond the orb of the remotest star,
And mingles with the all-embracing Deep
Which flitting Time nor narrow Space can
bar.

The Great Secret

Sorrow is mute, and foolish seems the strife
For Earthly gains ; and small those cares of
Life

That haunt our minds and tantalize our souls,
And in this human world-abyss are rife.

We shall return to yonder town :
Hope shall bloom and Sorrow again shall
frown ;

Maybe Despair once more shall beckon thee,
Or Joy thy troubles in her radiance drown.

Think then, when darkest seems the sorrow-
night,

When brightest would appear thy Pleasure's
light,

Think then of others who perchance alike
In sorrow stoop and pleasure welcome might.

The Great Secret

'Tis then that Thought of Self shall cease to
be,
Humanity, the All, Eternity,
Thy own being, shall blend into the One,
And th' All-embracing shall bring peace to
thee.

THE SEETHING VOLCANO

MOBS, anarchists, socialists, I. W. W.'s!
The forceful eruptions of the now active
human volcano!

Do the mobs, anarchists, socialists, I. W. W.'s know WHY the volcano is in action? In all probability not. They see a goal somewhere; they know that their whirling flight shall come to a standstill some day. But where and when they do not know.

The heart of the volcano knows! Leave it to IT! Let Progress walk over Revolution. Let a new humanity with new thoughts and new philosophies bury the now prostrate thought-world of the past century.

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Christian Scientists, New-thought people, Universalists and a hundred other religious and philosophical organizations! The lava boiling over the brim of the human volcano! Seeking an outlet, seeking a goal — where? They do not know.

The soul of the Universe knows! Leave it to IT! Let Spiritual Progress walk over past ignorance. Let humanity bury the dogmas and narrow-minded views that no longer fit to an advanced age.

We are in the midst of a mighty revolution — purely a spiritual one. Many are not aware of this fact. People are apt to live day by day, and their thought does, often, travel not farther than the limits of their home-town. Very few are able to overlook this Life with one broad glance — to-day's Life, yesterday's Life and the Life of to-mor-

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row. The universal soul, the one who feels his kinship with his mortal brothers and the Eternal depths above, links the Present happenings with the Past and the Future: the past — spiritual ignorance, expressed in material Life by slavery, cruelty, war, vice; the Future — spiritual knowledge, expressed in material Life by universal brotherhood, peace and virtue.

What is the cause of sorrow, moral decay, cruelty, slavery, in one word, World-misery? The answer is as simple as it is surprising: Ignorance. We do not mean ignorance regarding the building of a skyscraper, the financing of a railroad or the cooking of a meal. We mean World-ignorance — ignorance of Life, its meaning, its purpose.

Can many of us answer the question: whence come I, whither shall I go, and why

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do I live this Life? The “great” Omar Khayyam could not, and he drowned his existence in wine and took the kiss of wantonness.

Hundreds of Omars walk through Life, “having a good time,” drinking to the joy of Life, taking the honor of their sister. Condemn them not: they do not know, they do not understand, they are ignorant.

Every one of us is ignorant, the one more so than the other. The entire world is plunged in half-dark ignorance. If we KNEW, if we were able to fathom the depths of Eternity, if we were acquainted with Life’s secret, Life’s divine purpose and aim, misery and wickedness would belong to the past. The employer would see a brother in the man who labors for him; the laborer would harbor no grudge against him who has the power to employ him; the youth would honor the

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maiden; ugliness, in thought and deed, would be conquered by beauty.

Simple — this answer to the question: what is the cause of World-misery? It is IGNORANCE. So simple, indeed, is this answer, that learned philosophers shake their heads and point at a pile of volumes, the contents of which cannot solve the secrets of Life. The Eternal secrets, however, are extremely simple, too simple for our confused minds. We seek their solution in the clouds, in complicated formulas, in such thought-labyrinths as "The world as Will and Idea."

History teaches us how Man and beast were offered as food to the gods; how humans, accused of witchcraft, were burned alive at the stake; how slavery was a common occurrence: ignorance — pure and simple.

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The world has progressed since then. We know a little more about the meaning of Life. There is a greater feeling of brotherhood permeating humanity. We even know of a sublime instance where a child of the African wilderness instructs humanity. We say "sublime instance;" greater, more tremendous step of Spiritual Progress, no other country but America has ever been credited with.

Yet is there still a great deal to be learned. The world, that, a few thousand years ago, was plunged in total darkness, is still wrapped in the somber veil of early dawn. Vice and sorrow are still the offsprings of Existence-ignorance.

Nor does it appear that the church, the natural instructor of Life- and God-knowledge, is able to lift this veil of ignorance from

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the souls of humanity. The power of the church has vanished. What is left of her is a mighty Coliseum—a ruin of grandeur. A seer of the dark ages could have predicted this hundreds of years beforehand. There is a reason, and, again, this reason is a mighty simple one: the thought-world has progressed, the spiritual in Man has developed, and the church is still teaching dogmas and beliefs of two thousand years ago.

We do not say that the church teaches untrue things. The greatest Eternal veracities have been uttered by Christ, and can be found in the bible. These veracities have been ACCEPTED by humanity on authority of the church. They have not been GRASPED. The analytical mind that asks WHY about everything that is or should be, cannot receive an answer from the church

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on the questions: why do we live? Why is sorrow? Who or What is God?

The advanced mind of to-day, the spiritually more developed soul of the twentieth century is no longer satisfied with the childish answer: the Creator wishes it thus. Nor is it afraid to seek for its own Creator. The misplaced God-humbleness, sprung forth from selfish fear and ignorance, is no longer demonstrated by the strong, noble soul. The strong man feels his kinship with the World-spirit. He "walks hand in hand with the Lord," and does not fear the Eternal Soul, the life of Which beats in his own veins. He understands that by fearlessly searching for, and KNOWING the World-spirit, he can benefit humanity more than by worshipping an unknown God from afar.

Hear the volcano seethe and rumble!

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Watch this restlessness among the nations!
What is it? What do people want?

The Soul of the Universe knows! Leave it to It! Let Progress do her work. Let a child of humanity, a child of fathomless Universe arise. Let him teach the people of the secrets of Life. Let him open their souls to the mysteries of sorrow and vice. Let him reveal to them the Eternal beauties of Existence. Above all, let him not be afraid to answer the everlasting WHY.

Humanity desires to KNOW. Mind and soul have developed, and need a more sublime faith, a broader understanding of Life's secret. Without Life-knowledge, without Wisdom, man is the slave of sorrow and disappointment, the victim of vice and crime, a helpless toy in the octopus, Life.

Wisdom! Wisdom! The power greater

The Great Secret

than that of sorrow or vice; the power that brings us safely over the most stupendous obstacles. It inspires us with Faith. Without Wisdom we cannot have Faith; we can merely be helplessly submissive.

Seething volcano, restless humanity, watch for a sign from America! America, the cradle of Universalism, where black and red and white are colours cast by one universal prism; where the head of the nation is the leader of Man; where thought is low as the Earth and high as the Heaven — America is nursing in its bosom the coming World-philosophy.

EXISTENCE AND ITS MYSTERY

IT has often been remarked, even by the greatest thinkers, that we, poor little dolls of clay, shall never be able to fathom the mystery of Existence. We sympathize with the man who, day and night, is engrossed in his futile search for the key of Life and Heaven. Our sympathy savors of superior pity; pity for the worm that would mount the starry sky; pity for the mortal who would leave his ball of mud to pursue — an omnipresent God.

For, indeed, when speaking of Existence, can one expel the thought of a Something, a Being, a God Who in some mysterious way controls the voice of thunder and torrent, the

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breath of wind and Man? The most worthless philosophy arrives at the conclusion that this visible world found its birth in a First Cause; which First Cause is generally called God; and by some is conceived as a personal Being, by others as a spiritual One; but, in truth, is hardly ever conceived at all, although we are loth to admit such.

Inevitable — this coming face to face with our Creator, when prying into the secrets of Existence. The “pious man”—the one who ACCEPTS the words of the bible, instead of GRASPING their essence of truth—knows this. He does not allow his mind to ask for the “why and how” of Existence, for fear that doubt and wonder might shake his belief.

But the philosopher is equally aware of this fact. Watch him build his tower of thought into the deep Heaven, where the Almighty

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reigns supreme. Watch him desert his unfinished thought-structure, leaving its completion to Him whose presence he mentions in a few vague sentences.

This superstitious awe, often mingled with selfish humbleness, is one of the many causes that keep us from fathoming the depth of Universe. He who knows the Eternal Being That permeates the Whole, is able to grasp the divine purpose of Existence. He understands the meaning of Life, of sorrow, vice and virtue. He has the power to lift humanity from its present state of World-ignorance; an ignorance from which emanates all wrong-doing, all sorrow. To him is given the divine privilege to lead spiritual world-progress one step further towards Perfection — which is the End of all, which was the Beginning of all.

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Were we to give a definition of Man, we would define this curious life-enigma as follows: Man is the living Thought of Self.

This sounds like a rebuke, an accusation. We thoroughly dislike to be called selfish. Our conscience tells us that it is wrong to think of ourselves only. Nevertheless, we stated the truth—a truth over which the wisest men did not ponder deeply enough. For it accounts for our existence as mortals, separated from God and the Eternal: wrapped in the all-mysterious veil of birth and death. Indeed the secret of Life, the secret of EVERYTHING, is to be found in this thought of Self, which is the Self-consciousness referred to in the study of Psychology.

Do not imagine that Thought of Self ceases to be when we share our abundance with our neighbors or, even, when we part with the

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last silver-piece in our possession. When ridding ourselves of all our Earthly goods, we yet remain Thought of Self incarnate.

We tread this Earth, we soar this Universe, as separate beings, separate "I's." Wherever we are, whatever happens to us, we hear the voice of that mysterious "I" that seems to speak from within us; that prompts us to action; that whispers to us of the beauty and the sadness of this world; that inspires us to commit deeds of wickedness or heroism.

Indeed, a complicated agglomeration of "I's"—this mysterious world of ours. There is the solid rock, the grim shape of which looms from the dark of night; there is the lily, commanding in her timid beauty; there is the bird, twittering joyously in the blossomed bower; there is Man, toiling for a living and, perchance, a future Heaven.

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And rock and lily, bird and Man—all are different “I’s” that conceive this mighty Universe in a widely different manner. Even you and I do not enjoy music to the same extent; we are not, momentarily, filled with the same dreams, hopes and sorrows, when watching the sun paint the evening-sky with his flaming hues; we do not pray to the same, identical God—identical in conception—when agony overpowers us. Your mysterious “I” is different from mine: different in degree, but identical in mode, of conception.

We do not realize enough that this “I” is the all-predominant characteristic of Man. Yet do we find the proof of this statement as near as our own being. Let us remember our pleasures and sorrows. Is it not this strange “I” within us that tells us the evening-walk is delightful? Is it not so with all

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pleasure? What else but "I" enjoys a good dinner, a nice present, or a well-planned revenge? Is it not this strange "I" that mourns the loss of a departed friend, that is wounded by disappointment? Is not our sorrow caused by Thought of Self?

How often do we sigh under the heavy yoke of Life's sorrow and struggle. "O, the sorry trade!" exclaimed Omar — this compulsory purchase of a pain-marked existence for which we did not contract.

Sorry trade! Did the Master-man think likewise? Did his lips ever utter such words during his life of suffering and self-denial? Did the world hear his Self complain of the injustice that haunts this Life? — Nay, HE knew the secret of Existence. He had subdued that strange voice that speaks from within. There was no "I" in Christ that

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could be hurt by pain or disappointment. He was free from those bondages which we know as sorrow and pleasure.

Omar, your song is, after all, the song of the Life-pessimist, the song of the mortal Man; while Christ's silence regarding his sufferings is the song of the Eternal, of God.

Let us now endeavor to point out that Man is as irresponsible for this Thought of Self as he is for his very Existence. In order to do this, we are obliged to view this mighty Universe, with its numberless stars and fathomless depths, from his lowly standpoint. And the first important fact that would draw our attention is that of Man being aware of a relativity existing between him and the All. When viewing the star-lit sky, he is aware of an insignificance that marks him. He compares his small body, limited by three di-

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mensions, with the fathomless world-abyss. Think of those depths that never find a bottom, never find their emptiness bordered by a wall, a fence, or some imaginary sky-structure! Inconceivable! He must, indeed, be a speck of dust of an infinite world-desert; an atom, which may — who knows, perhaps tomorrow — be taken up by an unknown whirlwind, and swept to death and destruction.

This, then, is Man's conception of Self in relation to the Infinite. He vainly endeavors to measure the world-depths in inches, feet, miles. He is a being that knows of Space — a something utterly unknown to the Soul of the All.

Thinking of that gaping depth above, that always was and ever shall be, Man mournfully considers his Life to be a flitting dream. What are sixty or seventy years of Life in

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comparison with the everlasting Existence of that Nothingness above?

We have here expressed Man's conception of Self in relation to the Eternal. Man is accustomed to measure the life-duration of existing things by means of a clock. He knows of Time—another something utterly unknown to the Heart of the World.

Infinite and Eternal: the fundamental qualities attributed to our Creator. We speak of an Infinite and Eternal God.

As we have pointed out that a feeling of separateness exists between Man and the Infinite and the Eternal, this same feeling of separateness must exist between Man and the Infinite, Eternal God. Man who cannot conceive the Infinite and the Eternal, is unable to conceive the Deity, Whose being is omnipresent and ever-existing. He considers him-

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self a lowly worm, crawling at the omnipresent feet of his Creator. It is often with fear that he utters the name of the Mighty One. The more fear is being exhibited by an individual when mentioning the name of the Almighty, the dimmer, as a rule, is his conception of the Infinite and the Eternal.

Strange — this separation, this wide gulf, between Man and God. Strange, for the one great characteristic of Universe is Unity, Oneness, while this world now would appear to be dualistic — consisting of the Deity, and Man and the visible, perishable world.

Has this world-wide separation between Man and Deity ever existed? Was it thus in the Beginning?

Let us for a moment strain our power of imagination to the utmost, and picture ourselves the fathomless Universe before the

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Beginning. We endeavor to conceive a Boundless Deep—empty, void of stars, suns and planets—an empty Nothingness.

We say Nothingness; and, yet, it is a Something, for it has ever existed—an Eternity ago; it shall ever exist—for another Eternity to come. It is the Only One, the Whole, the All. It is the omnipresent Deity in Whose bosom the lily and the star, butterfly and Man, hope and sorrow, are beautiful slumbering ideas. It is the World-father in Whose boundless arm we lay asleep; we, who to-morrow shall walk through Life, wondering at the mighty scope of Universe and the littleness of our own being.

We now are approaching the Beginning or, who knows, one of the many Beginnings. The Whole consists of an infinite number of parts. A part becomes conscious of its own

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existence. This is inevitable, and its existence is a self-evident truth. When you, reader, deny your existence, your answer on the question: who denies your existence? shall be: I do; which answer contradicts your former denial. If birds and flowers, even specks of dust, possessed the gift of speech, no doubt their Self, their "I," would prove its existence in the same manner.

This ever-speaking, Life-usurping "I" speaks in the Beginning; it suddenly knows but of itself; it becomes the center of conception, sensation and observation. Where, before, it was mute, and an unconscious part of the Universal All, we now see that it is a self-centered being, the soul of which is akin to that of the fathomless world-abyss — Eternal, Infinite.

But the voice of this strange "I" is louder

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than that of the thundering God-silence. "I" is chiefly aware of its own existence; this is the all-predominant thought. "I" has, furthermore, a dim conception of the All; it is conscious of a God Who fills the world-abyss from depth to depth. And "I" is aware of a relativity existing between itself and the All.

These three kinds of consciousness — consciousness of Self, consciousness of the All and consciousness of a relativity between Self and the All — are expressed in material, visible Life by the three dimensions: length, breadth and height.

The awakening of Self, the realization of Existence, marks the day of Creation, and causes the birth of that which psychologists call Self-consciousness. It throws an impenetrable veil between the newly awakened be-

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ing and the infinite depths of Universe, the former being as the ocean-wave that is aware of its sparkling foam and its rolling path, and vainly seeks for the ocean of which it is part and parcel.

We shall leave it to more learned men to describe the evolutional progress of the visible world. Most of our great philosophers analyze and dissect the visible, perishable world, and trace its origin into the faint glimmer of a creation-dawn. We shall treat with the boundless Universe, whose features are the Infinite and the Eternal — the latter being the only real foundations of the world we marvel at.

We now have a better understanding of the existence of the wide gulf that separates humanity from the Deity. Naturally, the question turns up: shall we ever return to the

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All; or shall we always remain that self-centered being that soars the Universe on wings of pain and sorrow?

The answer to this question has been given long ago, but, we dare say, has never really been grasped. We think of the Master who taught people to give, to love their neighbor, to lead a Life of poverty and self-denial.

This wonderful teaching, which contains the very secret of Existence, found numberless followers. Not, we fancy, because people understood why they should give and deny themselves, but because this teaching is divine truth; because Truth lives and is all-powerful. Most of the Eternal veracities are accepted by humanity on authority, they are not really grasped. One might endeavor to fathom the "why" of the above-mentioned teaching and, if successful, lift an important

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part of the veil of mystery that keeps the world in ignorance; an ignorance from which, as stated before, are born evil and sorrow.

The life of Christ, the God, was indeed a sorry trade, according to Omar, the Man. But never a word of complaint fell from his lips. Never a sigh of despair heaved his breast. The ever-speaking "I" that rules our beings was mute in Christ. Once or twice it endeavored to overrule the Universal "I;" but Christ's wisdom and faith subdued it. He would not even display his supernatural powers to a curious crowd, for fear that the "I" within him would become conscious of its marvelous power. It would have meant one step nearer to mortality, one step further away from the All.

We can now understand that Christ was

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able to bear the terrible sufferings that were almost too terrible for a human being to bear. He had mastered the consciousness of Self; there was no "I" within him which he allowed to be hurt by pain and sorrow, or pleased with pleasure. He was conscious of the All, of the Deity, only: he was God Himself.

Christ, indeed, has taught us the secret of Existence, and has pointed out the road to Heaven, to the All—whence we came, whither we shall go.

Let us endeavor to keep our feet on this road. When sorrow and disappointment would tire our soul, let us remember that we suffer because the "I" within us is conscious of itself only. Let us be conscious of humanity at large, of our struggling brothers, of the world, of the All. Let us think ourselves a

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part of this mighty Universe, instead of an atom IN it.

In vain our "I" fed with the desire of revenge, the feeling of antagonism and hatred. Utterly foolish — this everlasting envy, grudge and hatred between creeds, societies and parties. Utterly useless — this bitter struggle between labor and capital. When bitterness marks this struggle, both parties are wrong: both desire more, more, always more; neither think of giving.

And we, the younger generation, let us think before we act. It is being remarked by wise men that, morally, we have sunken low; that we do not honor virtue; that the young man of this age does not respect pure womanhood. Let us remember that it is this ever-speaking "I" that ever wishes and desires — both good and bad things, in most

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instances the bad things; that by feeding this tyrannical "I," we increase its prominence, and are less able to bear pain and sorrow, and, consequently lead a life of suffering.

We should be strong. A fathomless Universe is backing us. We are not the helpless human toys in the grasp of a Mighty Invisible Hand as we sometimes would think we are. There does not exist a world-wide separation between mortality and the Eternal by command of the Mighty One. WE are the only cause of this separation; our thought of Self is the cause of it.

THE PROGRESS OF CREATION

As we are able to reduce the complicated study of chemistry to that of eighty original elements and, ere long, shall realize that these eighty elements find their origin in one mother-element; as we are able to trace the birth of planets, suns and stars in a one Cosmic Substance; thus shall humanity, some day, seek the origin of all that is—meaning thereby the visible world, including Man—in a One Original Universal Something.

We purposely evade the word “substance” in this instance. Substance is conceived by the mind as a tangible, often visible, some-

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thing, a volume, a body. The original Soul of Universe, however, is not substantial, is not Matter as conceived by the mind. Wherein would this Universal matter seek its birth? In nothing? A fundamental truth of the material world is that something cannot proceed from nothing. If then the Soul of Universe consisted of matter, we would be obliged to seek for another Soul from which this matter came forth. This Soul should necessarily be not-matter, for else we would find ourselves in a similar dilemma as before.

Humanity has temporarily solved the problem by naming this not-matter Spirit; by believing that this World-spirit created the visible world. Even at present, many of us believe that Man was created in his present state of body-progress. This is merely belief,

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however, and a convenient exit from all arguments regarding the origin of Man. A peculiarity of the human mind is that it does not wish any question to remain unanswered. It invariably finds an answer that shall soothe the restless inquiry of humanity at large, until mind and soul shall have progressed and shall require a more satisfactory solution of the problem.

Our present knowledge of the material world enables us to trace back our origin to the creation of matter in its simplest form. Beyond this point the mind is, apparently, unable to penetrate. And it is again our belief that this simple matter was created by the World-spirit. It is our belief that an all-powerful Spirit chose to call this matter into being; allowed us to roam through Life, whether we wished so or not; marked our

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lives with the pang of sorrow and the horror of death. It is our belief, for Wisdom and Knowledge are generally preceded by a belief that, in many instances, savors of the truth.

The above-mentioned belief, although in many details a divine one; is, taken as a whole, absolutely unphilosophical, childish and ugly. To assume the existence of a World-spirit That shortens the Eternal hours by creating stars and human beings that are helpless in Its all-powerful, boundless grasp, is a thought which springs forth from stupendous ignorance. It, furthermore, cannot inspire the soul with Faith; merely with an Omar Khay-yam-like mingled feeling of submission and rebellion: if I am my Master's toy cast upon this field of pain and pleasure, I prefer to choose the path of pleasure; fear, only, can

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induce me to follow the straight and narrow path—fear of my Master's anger being roused, and of a punishment that may follow in the Hereafter.

Such belief, then, is the child of ignorance; an ignorance for which Man cannot very well be reproached. He is as irresponsible for this ignorance as for his very existence. But it shall not mark him until the "day of destruction." We emphatically deny the unwarranted assertion that Man shall never be able to fathom the mystery of existence. This labyrinth of Life, wherein the dollar rings, the tear drips, the laugh echoes; wherein the society belle wafts her gracious smiles and the poor, old mother knits her stocking; wherein ambition camps with disappointment and hope is smashed by failure; this strange labyrinth of Life holds an invisible inmate

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— Progress. We do not mean Material Progress. The latter is, as all material and visible things are, merely a reflection, an expression, of a something-invisible behind it. Spiritual Progress is, indeed, the inmate that walked this Life-labyrinth since times immemorial. Spiritual Progress, nothing else.

As the centuries roll on, her dim, hazy radiance becomes brighter, and slowly dispels the darkness of Existence-ignorance. Is not History's sole purpose to convince us of this fact? Where is the Walhalla of the Teutons, wherein the departed ones drank beer from the skulls of their defeated foes? Where is the child of Universe that worked for his brother as the slave for his lord and master? Where is the king who commanded over the lives of his subjects? Where is the witch who was burned alive for her incom-

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prehensible feats of healing? Where is the Hell that shall torture into deep Eternity the soul of the sinner?

Great, noble, fearless, thinking America! The hand of spiritual Progress, indeed, lingers over thee! The belief in a burning Hades is no longer preached in thy churches. Man is still ignorant, but no longer so completely enwrapped in the darkness of Existence-ignorance as to fear the agonies of an Eternal Hell.

Let us, indeed, not seek the progress of Universe in the whirling flight of the aeroplane, in the towering height of the skyscraper, in the refined fashion of the year 1913. These accomplishments are mere visible expressions of the soul-progress of humanity; a progress which has reached a certain point on its path towards perfection. We

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see in America's skyscrapers the emblems of America's thoughts that freely soar into the deep Heaven. The flight of the aeroplane indicates that the human soul is making its first attempt to traverse infinite space. The wireless is the half-tangible expression of thought travelling between two distant points. In the far future humanity shall discard the wireless as being a superfluous plaything; people shall convey their thoughts to each other merely by thinking.

Nay, the world's progress is to be found in the SOULS of the people. All material progress merely indicates, in visible figures, to what spiritual height humanity has climbed. Let us seek spiritual progress in the fact that a greater feeling of brotherhood is permeating humanity; in the fact that the human soul is no longer satisfied with the mere belief

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in a Creator, but earnestly searches for the Same and expresses a desire to KNOW the World-spirit; in the fact that Existence-ignorance becomes less stupendous as the centuries roll on.

When speaking of the progress of the human soul, we naturally have in mind the starting-point: Imperfection, and the goal: Perfection. Nor can we speak of something being imperfect, unless we compare it with something else that is perfect. The standard of Perfection, in this instance, is the World-spirit, from Which imperfect humanity in some humbler form emerged; the World-spirit That knows not of sorrow and pleasure, of time and space, of birth and death; the World-spirit in Whose bosom was born the great secret of Existence, in Whose bosom shall die this great secret.

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The imperfection of the human soul lies in the fact that it is, as yet, unable to grasp the secret of the existence it enjoys; or, which means the same, that it is, as yet, not capable of KNOWING the World-spirit. For to know the secret of Life, naturally, brings along the absolute KNOWING of the World-spirit. The soul is not imperfect for the reason that a supreme power created it with the mark of imperfection that shall accompany it through all Eternity.

In order to realize this more clearly, we shall endeavor to find the cause of Man's Existence-ignorance. Why is Man's existence an utter mystery? Why is the Creator he believes in separated from him by a fathomless gulf which, apparently, shall never be crossed, unless it be in the dreams of a mythical Heaven?

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The answer to these questions must be found in Man himself. It is a startling truth that he who searches for the secret of God and Life shall, some day, find the answer hidden in his own soul. Not all the books of the public libraries, not all the learned men on Earth, not all the saints and church-disciples, can acquaint the individual with the hiding-place of the key to Life's secret chamber. The books might tell him the secret, the saints might lisp the secret word, but in vain. The individual would hold the key in his hands, but he would be unable to find the lock. He cannot GRASP the secret, unless his soul have progressed sufficiently on its journey through Eternity to be able to CONCEIVE. Thus we maintain that certain passages of the bible contain the very secret of existence; that humanity at large has, spiri-

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tually, not developed sufficiently to be able to conceive the truth hidden in said passages; that, consequently, belief, which is erroneously called Faith, inspires the soul of the individual; that this belief shall, as humanity progresses spiritually, turn into a CONCEPTION, a GRASPING, of the truth—when Man shall be inspired with an unconquerable faith, which can only proceed from Wisdom.

But Man shall not only, sooner or later, find the solution of the Life-problem in his own being, he is, indeed, the sole cause—be he such then unconsciously—of the wide separation existing between him and Eternity and the Infinite. He himself wraps Existence in that impenetrable veil of mystery. He does so unconsciously and, consequently, ascribes the mysterious phenomenon of his

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existence to the inexplicable ways of the Supreme Being.

The chief characteristic of Man is his consciousness of Self. In truth, Man is an atom of fathomless Universe chiefly conscious of its own existence. We hear our present philosophical world speak of our self-consciousness and our God-consciousness. But, indeed, the first amounts to 99 per cent. against the latter to 1 per cent. Were we absolutely self-conscious, we would be classed among the brutes, whose only thought is that of preservation of Self. Were we absolutely God-conscious, we would equal Jesus of Nazareth, and be fully prepared to leave forever a life of mortality.

It should be borne in mind that this consciousness of Self is of the most vital importance when considered in relation to the se-

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cret of Existence. It should be realized that this consciousness of Self is *the only quality that fully defines the thought-man* (this in comparison with Man as body). What, indeed, are hope, disappointment, sorrow, pleasure, vice, virtue, crime and heroism but the offsprings of self-consciousness or Thought of Self?

Let us give a few simple instances :

I have struggled for several years in order to obtain literary fame. At last I succeed. My success gives me pleasure. Who or what is pleased? I am! I! I! The Self, the nucleus of which is this body is pleased. If the voice of this Self, this "I" within me, were subdued, I would neither care for fame nor for pleasure.

I stand at the grave of my departed friend. I am heart-broken. I do not care to con-

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tinue Life without him. I shall feel lonely, and be constantly tortured by his sad absence. Who or what feels the pang of sorrow? It is the Self, the "I," within me that is wounded. If I were able to subdue this voice of Self, I would be able to conquer all disappointment, all sorrow. I would, indeed, be the sole master of my Life.

And thus is this Life a Life of sorrow and disappointment, NOT because an outside agency would have it thus, but because Man's voice of Self is all-predominant: I AM , AND THEREFORE SORROW IS.

Let us compare two souls, the first of which was nearly all self-consciousness, the latter all God-consciousness.

The melancholy voice of Omar Khayyam, the life-pessimist, still charms many of us in this twentieth century. It is the voice of the

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mortal, the self-centered being, whose voice of Self overthundered the still voice of fathomless Universe. Omar called the compulsory purchase of Life a sorry trade. His Self rebelled at the struggle and the sadness of Life. His Self was desirous to enjoy the pleasures of Life. His Life-companion was the grape, his kisses were those of wantonness. Omar was Thought of Self incarnate.

A brilliant contrast of pure God-consciousness was Jesus. In our opinion, Jesus stands alone among humanity as being the only soul that had fathomed the secret of Existence. He had fathomed it, because he had subdued the voice of Self. There was no "I" in Christ that could be pleased or hurt. He was master of sorrow and disappointment, master of pain and torture. He was purely Universe-conscious, God-conscious. Christ,

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as Self, did not exist. Christ, as the atom of Universe conscious of its own existence only, was not. Christ was All; he was a part of the fathomless World-abyss, instead of a separate atom IN it, as nearly all humans are. It is true, therefore, that Christ was God, although people guessed this truth more than they knew it.

Self-consciousness, Thought of Self, an intense realization of our own existence as a separate atom: this is the key to the great Secret. A human being is as the star that, blinded by its own brilliant light, cannot conceive the glimmer that permeates the Whole. He is as the foamy wave that, sadly murmuring, seeks the secret sea and, apparently, finds its death on the shore. Wherever we roam, in whatever position we find ourselves, we are aware of the strange, mysterious "I" within

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us. It follows us, it haunts us, and we are so accustomed to its presence that we do not notice it at all.

And how then does Spiritual Progress manifest itself in the souls of human beings?

History gives us the answer.

In the darkest of ages the brute man, endowed with brute force, was aware of his Self only. His chief thought was that of preservation of Self. He spent his Life in hunting the animal that furnished food for his brute existence; in hunting the female that would satisfy his brute passion. He, his Self, built up the Universe. The voice of "I" was the only voice known to him. The voice of the All was as yet mute.

Very slowly, we see this voice of Self grow less. We pass through the periods of slavery and cruelty, of tyrannical kings and univer-

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sal warfare to the age of democracy. And as the consciousness of Self becomes less important, the All-consciousness increases. Through the absolute darkness of Existence-ignorance, which is the direct offspring of absolute consciousness of Self, appears the faint glimmer of Existence-wisdom, which only comes to him who subdues the voice of that mysterious "I" within him.

To-day, America may be justly proud of the fact that it is leading in spiritual development. It does not know of the ridiculous, narrow-minded class-distinctions so dear to Europe, and which are distinct indications of existence-ignorance and extreme Thought of Self. At the head of the nation stands a leader of Man, instead of a ruler of men. And the fact that a child of the African wilderness is not only tolerated, but considered

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the white Man's equal, and is thus in a position to develop spiritually, is, indeed, a more than sublime one.

In years to come, the self-consciousness of humanity, and likewise Existence-ignorance, shall become less and less; All-consciousness, or God-consciousness, and likewise Existence-wisdom, shall increase. Very few are aware of the fact that Life, with its struggles and seemingly cruel lessons, is the teacher of the soul. Endeavor once to be stronger than your disappointment, stronger than your sorrow; for once sacrifice yourself for the sake of your brother: you shall have won a victory over that mysterious "I" that is the only barrier between mortality and the Eternal World-spirit.

FOR YOU, STRANGE BEING, KNOWING NOT OF THE "WHENCE" AND

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THE "WHITHER;" YOU WERE ONCE, BEFORE THIS VISIBLE WORLD HAD COME INTO BEING, AN UNCONSCIOUS PART OF THE ALL, AND, CONSEQUENTLY, THE ALL ITSELF. THE REALIZATION OF YOUR EXISTENCE AS A PART, AN ATOM, CAME. IT STILL CLINGS TO YOU, AND IS CALLED BY LEARNED MEN SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS. IT WAS THE CAUSE OF YOUR LOSING SIGHT OF THE ALL. IT MADE YOU A SELF-CENTERED BEING, APPARENTLY SEPARATED FROM GOD AND THE ETERNAL BY A BOUNDLESS GULF, BUT IN REALITY ONLY BY YOUR THOUGHT OF SELF. LIFE IS TEACHING EVERY ONE OF US HOW TO SUBDUE THE "I" WITHIN US. HEED

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NOT DEATH. YOUR "I" NEVER DIES, YOUR BODY DOES. ETERNITY IS, AND CAN AFFORD TO WAIT. IF YOU CANNOT LEARN YOUR LESSON IN SIXTY YEARS, YOU SHALL LEARN IT IN SIX HUNDRED OR SIX THOUSAND. EVEN THE CRIMINAL SHALL SOME DAY DISPLAY THE MIRACULOUS POWERS OF A CHRIST; EVEN HE SHALL HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO ENTER THE HEAVEN OF PURE ALL-CONSCIOUSNESS.

WHAT SHOULD SOCIALISM BE?

ALL churches, creeds, sects, in short, all philosophical organizations found their birth in a certain Truth relating to the secret of Existence. A man acts unwisely when condemning a Catholic, a Spiritualist, a Christian Scientist or a Socialist for his thoughts and beliefs. Let him, instead, endeavor to discover what real foundation of Truth was the cause of the calling forth of the existence of such religion or philosophy. Let him further consider the many influences of Man and Life that would add a considerable amount of Untruth and Error to the original

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Truth and, often, distort the latter into an unrecognizable dogma or theory.

In order to do this, one must, necessarily, have a clear understanding of the meaning of Life; not only of the Life that, apparently, fills our beings from our birth to our death, but of the Life, the Existence, that emerged from Nothingness and, at present, still lingers in the boundless hand of a slowly proceeding Creation. It shall then become clear to the student of Life and humanity that no philosophy, no belief, however absurd in our personal opinion, is void of Truth.

Spiritualism, for instance, is founded on Truth. The Spiritualist got hold of a link in the chain that winds from past Eternity to future Eternity. He does not know of the entire chain. His knowledge does not go beyond that of the link. His philosophy, natu-

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rally, is hidden in a veil of dark mystery. It does not, at present, satisfy the soul that searches for the secret and the divine purpose of Existence.

The same may be said of Christian Science. Criticise it, but condemn it not. One of the most sublime Eternal veracities supports the Christian Science religion. But grim errors, the offsprings of Man's existence-ignorance, have pushed this sublime Truth into the dark background — out of sight, beyond recognition. As the Spiritualists have done, thus have the Christian Scientists taken hold of a link in the Eternal chain. Their philosophy is likewise hidden in a veil of mystery and untruth, as a result of their Existence-ignorance.

And thus we may roam the globe, and from the most incomprehensible beliefs and relig-

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ions of civilized and uncivilized nations learn a little bit of Truth about the Great Secret.

Also Socalism is founded on a sublime Truth. But, strange to say, this Truth is not, or hardly, conceived by the one who advocates it. We may safely say that a Socialist does not know for what he is working. He thinks he does and he is, indeed, very emphatic in his beliefs and assertions. But, also in this instance, Truth has to struggle with existence-ignorance — an ignorance far more overwhelming than that of the Spiritualist or the Christian Scientist.

What called Socialism into existence? The answer is: dissatisfaction with social conditions on the part of a certain class of humanity.

What is the cause of this dissatisfaction? Capitalism? The employer? No — capital-

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ism and the employer are indirect causes. The real cause is to be found in the individual himself. The direct cause is a personal desire, a personal wish.

Socialism is a philosophy dealing with the material prosperity of a certain class of individuals only, a certain part of humanity only. It is, if we may say so, a philosophy born from Thought of Self. It is, in its present state, a thoroughly human philosophy, with very little of the divine in it. The divine Truth that slumbers in Socialism is, as stated before not grasped by the ones that advocate it.

A philosophy that is not intended to benefit humanity at large can never materialize the thoughts it expresses, nor enjoy immortality. Its aim is bound to remain a Utopia. For it thus happens that the World-spirit, with

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Whom, by the way, the Socialist bothers as little as possible, does not allow any thought to live that does not benefit the whole of humanity, nor any thought that finds its birth in Thought of Self.

Jesus, "the carpenter of Nazareth," for whose name the Socialist, as a rule, has great reverence, has demonstrated this clearly by his deeds and through his teachings. Thought of Self was utterly unknown to him. He lived for humanity, for the poor, the persecuted, the sorrow-stricken, the sinners, nay, if we wish to state the clear, simple Truth, Jesus lived for those who were the victims of ignorance — ignorance of Life, its meaning, its aim, its purpose; ignorance of the secret power that guides us through this world-abyss.

It is a startling Truth that all sorrow, vice,

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crime, in short, all World-misery, are the off-springs of existence-ignorance. He who is acquainted with the secrets of Life cannot be conquered by sorrow and despair. Such a being does not "kick" at hard luck; he does not think himself wronged because thousands of others possess more material power than he does. He realizes that Existence has a starting-point and a goal; that Life is not merely a struggle for the obtaining of food, clothes and luxuries. Human beings, be they princes or beggars, aristocrats or socialists, philosophers or cowboys, all alike seek, in his opinion, the path that leads from Yesterday to To-morrow. All alike have to fight their battles, to conquer their disappointments, to nurse their sorrows—in short: to develop their souls. Such man never asks the assistance of others, never complains of the hard

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struggle of Life. He has Wisdom; and Wisdom calls forth Faith. He knows WHY he should be in such and such position, WHY disappointment should meet him, WHY Existence appears to be an unfathomable secret. Life is his friend and teacher, instead of his foe and murderer.

As stated before, Socialism is a philosophy sprung forth from Thought of Self. It is an extremely human philosophy. Is it not human to desire that which others possess and we not? Such is, let us state cold facts, the simple, childish thought that permeates Socialism of to-day. It is human to ask: why should he or they be more materially powerful than I am? It is human to evade the answer on the question and merely say: it should not be. It is extremely human, and consequently, extremely erroneous.

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The Socialist is a self-centered Existence-ignoramus. He has no knoweldge of Existence outside of that which controls the strings of his purse. He conveniently ignores the existence of a World-spirit. All that interests him is his material welfare. Of Yesterday and To-morrow he knows nothing, and thinks less. He thinks of To-day, of his life that flows between Yesterday and To-morrow. What matters a future Eternity to him? NOW is the all-important time. Could he but conceive that this Now is an infinitely small part of the Eternal Now. . . .

This ignorance of a World-spirit and the divine purpose of Existence marks the Socialistic philosophy with Untruth. According to its views, Man is the all-powerful being who could, if he wished, be able to reg-

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ulate happiness, comfort and material prosperity in Life. This, however, is but partly true. In whatever position we find ourselves in Life, we are brought there indirectly through our own doings, but directly under the influence of a power, a Something, of Which, alas! very few people know — the Socialists least of all. We do not wish to cut all argument short by stating that whatever happens to us is the will of the Creator. Such answer is a convenient one to all problems relating to Life and Existence, but does not satisfy the Wisdom-eager soul. We will merely state here that not a single grain of dust of this wide Universe is being moved unless there be a reason. There is a "why" and a "how" with regard to everything that is, or happens, in this world. There is a "why" and a "how" with regard to our

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insignificant or brilliant social position, our sorrows and disappointments, our struggles and obstacles encountered. There even is a "why" and a "how" as regards that apparently unfathomable secret: Life. And as long as an individual has not answered these two little questions, would it not then seem natural that he follows the example of the "great" Omar? Is it not natural that he should feel averse to toil and sorrow? May one expect of him to realize that the path to Heaven leads over thorns?

This, then, is the great error of the Socialistic philosophy: the Socialist only recognizes material Life and Man, which are, indeed, mere links in the Eternal chain; he does not consider the One Great World-spirit breathing through Man and flower, Earth and sky;

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he is absolutely ignorant of the "why" and the "how" regarding all that is.

Far be it from us to reproach him for this ignorance. Man is as irresponsible for this Life- and God-ignorance as for his very Existence. Not only the Socialist, but, indeed, humanity at large is still groping in the gray dawn of an awakening Existence-wisdom. As the centuries roll on, this Wisdom broadens, as is clearly demonstrated in History. Let us remember the slavery, cruelty, murder and sacrifice of a few thousand years ago, and observe the greater feeling of brotherhood permeating humanity and the clearer understanding of Life in our present age.

But what then is that divine music ringing in Socialism? The word expresses one of the most beautiful thoughts, one of the most divine ideas, that ever dwelt in human mind.

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Nor does its music, in our opinion, relate to dollars and cents.

We think of the Master, whose ambition was NOT material prosperity, but whose aim was the spiritual welfare of humanity at large — of the poor and the rich, the powerful and the weak, the healthy and the diseased. He was, indeed, a Socialist — who saw a brother both in the vermin-eaten beggar and the crowned king. Jesus did not instruct humanity as to how prosper materially. On the contrary, his teachings contained the secret of how to BEAR suffering, disappointment and misery. His aim was to inspire the ignorant with Wisdom. For, after all, what power is more tremendous than that of Wisdom? There is no obstacle, however stupendous, that is able to keep a soul that KNOWS from success. There is no sorrow, however great, that has

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the power to break the soul that KNOWS. For Wisdom is the mother of Faith. Faith should not be a blind, submissive belief. It should be a strong, unshakable KNOWING. When we KNOW what ineffable power is the Soul of Universe, when we KNOW Yesterday and To-morrow, when we KNOW the meaning of sorrow and struggle, where, then, are all the powers of Hades that could keep us from steadily following our path through Eternity?

Let Socialists be brothers, not only among themselves, but of humanity at large. The more society is split up by parties and organizations, the farther away it finds itself from Perfection. Unity, Oneness, is the great characteristic of Universe. Without Unity no peace, no Heaven.

Antagonism and rebellion against the hard-

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ships of Life should not be the chief traits of Socialism. A man should be strong. He is more than a speck of dust blown by some mysterious power over the plain of Life. A mighty Universe is backing him. An Eternity clings to his soul.

Should such a being spend his life fighting his brother, who, burdened with gold, is likewise searching for the path of To-morrow? Foolish, utterly foolish, and an insult to the World-spirit we claim kinship with!

We all are more or less developed souls, we all are the more or less exalted expression-visible of Universal Spiritual Progress. Money and material power are but mere incidents, mere tools that very conveniently enable us to suffer and worry and struggle and, consequently, develop our souls.

Fight and conquer! This should be the

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motto of the Socialist, in fact, of every human being.

Fight and conquer — not our brothers, but our SELF!

THE TWO VOICES IN MAN

(A leaf from an unpublished diary)

THERE are two voices in Man. The first, as a rule, is by far the strongest. It is the voice of Mortality, which is born within us; the voice that desires and hopes, despairs and suffers. It is the ever-calling voice of Self, by which Man is chiefly characterized.

The second voice in Man is that of Eternity. It is the voice of the divine. It echoes down the infinite depths, and does not sing of hope and despair. It is absolutely unselfish, in fact, ignores the existence of the individual. It tells us in silent whispers of an Only Some-

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thing, Which is the Soul of this seeming heterogeneous Universe.

The following lines are taken from a diary, written by one in whom the above-mentioned two voices were in conflict. The author of this extraordinary manuscript is no more. Death took him unexpectedly in the prime of manhood. And it is, indeed, with a feeling of uneasiness that we undertake to publish the most sacred thoughts of one who has joined the world beyond.

Yet do we soothe our conscience by considering that, in all probability, our departed friend would have given his thoughts to the world, had he lived long enough. We remember how he used to remark that it is sinful to keep one's thoughts from the world. "If your thoughts are wrong," he used to say, "thinking humanity shall profit by find-

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ing arguments against your theories. And if your thoughts are Truth, they shall live; if not to-day, then to-morrow; if not to-morrow, then after you shall rest beneath the soft, green grass of the cemetery."

Let us hope, then, that our seeming indiscretion of prying into the private thought-utterings from one who is no more, shall bring peace and rest to his now roaming spirit.

July 5th, 19—.

I hear the whisper of Life stir through the still night. Great, seething, mysterious Life, that once held promises of might and power. Sad, beautiful Life, that once knew how to wound and how to please. It is no more—the Life that commands in masterful voice. I am master of my Fate, master of the Life

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that harbors this Fate, master of pain and pleasure, hope and despair. For I have no Self that can be tortured by loss and pain, or be soothed in happy moment. I am no more: the Universe is, the All is, the Only One is.

We, mortals, nay, all the living and the seeming-dead things that build up this visible Universe — what are we, what are they, but atoms of the World-spirit conscious of their own existence only?

See the brute Man think of his Self only. He — and the Earth and the starry Heaven build up his Universe. He comes first; then Earth that yields the fruit and the meat for his brutal existence; then the cloud-topt sky and the starry depths that inspire him with wonder and amazement: the seed of spiritual knowledge that shall bloom in the centuries to come. What knows he of a Universal

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Spirit, this self-centered being? Speak to him of a Supreme being, while his stomach craves food, and he shall slay you to satisfy his desire to eat. Better leave him alone. Life shall teach him. Life with its sufferings and disappointments teaches all of us.

We all are, more or less, such self-centered beings. Is not our first knowledge that of our own existence? Is not our first thought that of Self? Why do we suffer, if not because our Self is slightly or seriously wounded? Why do we enjoy, if not because our Self is pleased?

Ah! this consciousness of Self that throws an impenetrable veil between mortality and the All; that plunges Existence into an unfathomable secrecy.

I have reached a point on my path through Eternity, where the voice of the All is louder

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than the voice of Self. It has become clear to me that, at one moment, we have emerged in visible, tangible, form from that boundless depth that surrounds us; that at another moment, thousands of years afterwards, we shall return to the Universal womb of apparent Nothingness.

Hast Thou not taught me, Only One, that before the speck turned into the fragrant rose, before the atoms developed into stars, all this visible world was an unconscious part of Thee? That realization of Existence, the mother of Thought of Self, marked the day of Creation? Atoms that were unconscious parts of the Whole, suddenly became conscious of Self, which happening would mean an Existence-long separation between mortal and God.

Have I subdued this voice of Self? Am I

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slowly returning to the All? Are those strange powers I am endowed with—are they the signs along the Eternal road?

Great Spirit! Yesterday I had no Self, no desire, no pain. I lived for humanity; for those that err and suffer. I was Thy human mouthpiece. But, to-day, Love has entered my heart. And it is divine happiness to listen to her sweetly human thoughts. It is beautiful hope that pictures a little home, ringing with the voice of your beloved one.

Can I bear to give her up? Is the voice of my Self not wholly subdued?

Give us strength, Mighty One, and guide us both. . . .

July 7th, 19--.

If I knew not, if I were not acquainted with the secret power of Life, I would not

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hesitate in making her my bride. But I was chosen by the World-spirit to strengthen the faith-forsaken soul; to teach humanity of the Eternal Truth that slumbers beneath the ever-changing garment of this flitting world. And each hour spent in forgetful happiness is stolen time.

Hear the sob of the mother, grieving for her lost son. What power but the divine one is able to console her wounded heart? What else but a clear understanding of the meaning of Existence can soothe her wondering mind? Hear her reproach the Creator for His cruelty! Hear her curse the almighty power of death that took her son from her!

My duty calls me to the side of this grieving mother. For there is one power greater than that of heart-breaking sorrow. This power is Wisdom. Wisdom opens the depths

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of Universe to the inquiring soul; it answers the everlasting "why" that haunts Existence. The meaning of everything becomes clearer. We realize that we are more than a helpless doll of clay cast upon a soaring ball of mud. There is a starting-point, there is a goal.

See Vice walk over its fallen victims! What else is Vice but the child of World-ignorance? What else is it but the creation of Thought of Self? Does not our Self wish and desire? Is not our Self satisfied by possession?

There is one power greater than that of Vice. This power is Wisdom. If every one of us understood the meaning of Life, Vice would be a thing of the past. If every one of us knew whence we came and whither we shall go, the beauty of Eternity would

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inspire our souls, and ugliness and Vice would be repulsive.

Great, wide world, that harbors misery and tears, scattered hopes and dark despair—I hear your voice calling me! In the midst of humanity I must walk; in the midst of sorrow and vice. Thousands of souls suffer through ignorance; thousands of them think this Life an empty, sorrowful dream. I, who know, must teach them, and inspire them with strength and faith.

July 10th, 19—.

Great World-spirit! I have obeyed Thy silent voice until the present hour. I have blindly followed the path indicated by Thy invisible hand. I have learned from Thee the secret of Life. I have given Wisdom whenever souls were ripe to receive. I have been

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a child of fathomless Universe — until to-night. . . .

To-night her little head has rested on my heart. Her soft hand has caressed my hair. Our lips have mingled in a kiss of pure, deep love.

On my cheek still lingers that subtle perfume that speaks of her. In my ears still echo her sweet whispers of womanly devotion. From the dark of night still beam her true eyes.

See me kiss this dainty flower that rose and fell with her heaving bosom. Hear me swear that she is my God — next to Thee.

Thou and I know what it means, this terrible, beautiful love. It means one step nearer to mortality, one step further away from the Eternal and the Infinite. It means a swift return to Thought of Self, the cause

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of the wide gulf existing between the mortal and Thee.

Mighty Spirit, guide me through this life-abyss. Tell me in Thy silent whispers whether he, whose soul is one with Eternity, may lead a life of bliss and happiness.

July 12th, 19—.

I, as real child of mortality, am satisfied with the one great beauty Life has offered me. In my heart has rooted a love, tender and strong, wild and terrible. I, who cannot be broken by storm and thunder, torture and agony, delight in casting my soul beneath her dainty feet. She, the little maiden with the childish curls, her pensive eyes, her winning smile, has made me her slave. Beauty and goodness have unlimited power; and she is all that is good and beautiful.

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Command me, darling little woman! Shall I pilot thee through Life? Shall we, hand in hand, trace its hidden beauties? Shall we together soar the glimmering depths of Heaven? Or shall we hide in a dense flower-garden, and build our little nest among the rose-bushes? Speak, little one, for I am thine, wholly thine!

Ah, not so! The silent voice of the World-spirit descends from the remotest corner of Universe. It tells me that I belong to the All.

Be still, mighty voice of Self! Thou must not be! Thou art not! No selfish, personal, passionate love shall feed thy wishes and desires. The soul, whose nucleus is this body, does not belong to thee. It vibrates from world-center to world-center. It is one with all the mighty Universe.

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Grant her strength and Wisdom, Mighty One, that she may be able to understand and bear. . . .

These are the last words written by our extraordinary friend. On July the fourteenth, we placed our flowers on his cool grave.

And as we stood there in the silence of the cemetery, wondering at his unexpected departure from this life, the strange, unheard-of belief that he would return suddenly possessed us.

Had the World-spirit, as he often called the Creator, purposely taken him away? Was, after all, our friend not wholly ripe for the divine work which, as he believed, was his by divine command? Perhaps this short Life had to teach him the last lesson to be taught. The last spark of Self had to be subdued.

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He would then be a soul fit to teach humanity of the Great Secret.

We expect him to return. Humanity needs him, apparently. For we agree with his theory of humanity being wrapped in the half-darkness of world-ignorance, and sorrow and vice being the children of this ignorance.

PSYCHE

(*A sketch, wherein the Soul has the gift of speech*)

“ PSYCHE, Psyche! must I part from your beauty? May I never again dream myself into nothingness in your soul-deep eyes? Must this, O tell me! must this be the last time that I listen to your voice?”

“ It must be so, Velmar.”

Her voice was kind but decisive.

He threw himself upon his knees, crushing the flowers that had slipped from her hands; and, wildly kissing the hem of her dress, he uttered his last appeal:

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"Psyche . . . I cannot bear it. . . . Do you hear, Psyche, I cannot! Since the day I beheld you, the stream would murmur your name, and the evening-breeze lisp a lullaby for you. And, at night-time, from the very depths of boundless Universe, I hear your voice calling me. You are all, you are everywhere. You, whose soul has annihilated mine — you must take me altogether: me, me, my heart, my body and my love for you!"

The woman's lips trembled. It was painful not to be able to give that for which he asked. Her eyes sought the deep blue of the sky, as if from those infinite depths she might draw strength and assistance. Then she looked down upon her companion, and gently caressed his hair.

"Velmar," she said, "your love is selfish, although you may not be aware of this fact.

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And Thought of Self is as well creative as destructive. It was the cause of human existence, and it is the source of all evil and sorrow.

"Come, seat yourself beside me, and listen to the story I shall tell you."

Velmar obeyed her silently.

"Do not interrupt me," she continued, "even if, at first, you may think my story strange and impossible. When I shall have told you all, you shall understand. And I know that you shall be able to bear the pain which now seems unbearable."

She lowered her voice to a half-whisper. And it seemed to Velmar that it was not she who spoke; that her mouth was merely the beautiful mouthpiece of a Something, a Being, that filled the deep of the valley and the fathomless abyss of the sky.

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“There was a time, Velmar, when I was the All. This was an Eternity ago. To you, this seems so infinitely long ago, that your mind is incapable of conception. This is merely because you measure Eternity by minutes, centuries and æons.

“To me it seems like yesterday. Eternity, Velmar, has no beginning and no end: all exists in the everlasting Now.

“When I say that I was the All, I mean that I was not wrapped in a bodily cover that would make us believe that we are but a grain of dust upon the Cosmic plain.

“I possessed the power to gaze into the very depths of the Universe; those depths that, twice their own depth deeper, still are deep. And I was able to look into the future and the past—an Eternity ahead and an

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Eternity backward. For both Past and Future were Present.

"I knew not of sorrow or happiness, nor of ugliness and beauty. I was a drop of a boundless ocean and, consequently, the ocean itself. I was the All, but was unconscious of this fact.

"The moment arrived that would change this peaceful Heaven into flitting mortal Life.

"I floated above a planet, and saw its orb outlined against the dark of the deep. Below rolled waving meadows, and countless flowers were star-like scattered in the fresh, green grass. The hush of twilight hovered over the scene. All was still as the deep around, save for the murmur of the brook.

"And twilight fled for approaching night, and the moon covered the flowers with her silver light-garment.

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“I heard the sound of steps; and I heard the cry of a soul that is in agony. A youth had sought the solitude of night and the silent whisper of the All.

“He knelt down in the grass, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed freely. And his utterance of grief was an unspoken prayer for solace.

“Suddenly, strange feelings, hitherto unknown to me, seemed to change the nature of my inner being. That moonlight-scene, those nodding flowers, and the youth kneeling among them — sobbing his grief into the still night — all this suddenly appeared to be ineffably beautiful.

“My first wish was born: I longed to descend to him whose soul was sad. ‘I wish those mute flowers, that pale moonlight, his grief and, above all, him, him, to be mine.

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Mine! that I may nurse his wounds; mine, that he may know, and be one with, my being that now is strange to him.'

"Such was the thought that echoed from within me. And as its last quiver died away, I seemed to awake from a long, long dream.

"What was this strange 'I' that had the power to wish? Why did its wish cause my being to ache? And why was everything so sadly beautiful?

"Still stronger spoke the 'I' within me; it claimed recognition; it had found itself; it had become conscious of its own existence. And, slowly, the infinite depths of Universe, the peace of Eternity, the All faded away. I was no longer an unconscious part of the All. I had bought my Earthly Life and paid the price of Heaven.

"The thought uppermost in my being was

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the thought of Self: ‘I’ was, and ‘I’ had a dim conception of the magnitude of the Whole; and ‘I’ thought itself infinitely little in the presence of the All-embracing deep.

“These three thoughts entombed my being in a living body of three dimensions.

“I found myself kneeling in the grass, gathering the fairest flowers of the meadow. How fresh and beautiful they were! How dreamily sad was the moonlit scene!

“And there was he whose sufferings I wished to be mine. I approached him and, silently, placed the gathered flowers at his feet, hoping that he might learn from them the unspoken wish that ached in my being.

“He spurned me. . . . No woman could heal the wound that had been inflicted by one of her sisters.”

“Psyche . . .” Velmar suddenly inter-

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rupted her. A momentary look of recognition lit up his eyes. That story Psyche was telling him . . . , it sounded so familiar. It suddenly occurred to him that he had seen that youth himself; that he had seen Psyche stand before him in that moonlight night; long, long ago. . . . No, not long ago . . . , yesterday. . . .

"What is the matter, Velmar?" Psyche asked.

He woke up from his dream with a start. And that strange picture of the scene in the moonlight disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

"Nothing, Psyche, go on."

"That night," continued Psyche, "I did not rest. I vainly sought for the Heaven that had been my Eternal home; where I had never known the pang of sorrow and the bar-

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riers of time and distance. A feeling of fear possessed me, when I looked up at the stars that were infinitely far away. I was so little, and the Universe was so deep, so terribly deep. With a mingled feeling of reverence and awe, I sank upon my knees and prayed to the All, to God, that He might guide me through the world-abyss and take me back unto Him.

“The dawn tinted the sky with a rosy hue, when I started on my path of Life.

“Shall I describe my Earthly Life to you? It has been as that of all others — a restless struggle for happiness. Soon after I had entered Life, the thought of Self became gradually stronger. I had to struggle in order to exist; I imagined my own power to be the only one to depend upon.

“I have been both poor and wealthy. But

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even when I was not compelled to struggle in order to exist, there was always that strange something for which I searched; that something for which we all search, and often call happiness.

“One day, I read of the Master who had taught the world to give freely. Very few understand the deep significance of this teaching. Most of us would give because we think it our duty, just as a schoolboy would think it his duty to go to school. We do not understand that by giving, by forgetting our Self, we slowly return to the All. Thought of Self was the cause of our loss of Heaven; thought of the All, of the Universe, of our struggling brothers, shall be the only means to regain Heaven.

“Life! Humanity! What is the meaning of it all? Would many of us dream that the

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beggar in the street, the king on his throne, the convict in his cell, all alike, are unconsciously seeking for the End that was the Beginning of all? Life is our school; it shall teach us the truth—if not to-day, then to-morrow; if not to-morrow, then in a thousand years from to-morrow. Eternity is, and can afford to wait.

“For every one of us the sublime moment shall arrive when we shall grasp the real meaning of self-forgetting and self-denial. That moment shall witness the blending of the Atom with the All.

“This, Velmar, is the secret of life, Hell and Heaven. There shall be a Hell for all of us, as long as we think ourselves the center of Universe; as long as loss and crushed hopes drive us to despair; as long as Thought of Self is all-predominant.

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“ We secretly admire sacrifice and heroism. He who sacrifices himself is, momentarily, more divine than human. He has subdued the voice of Self. He no longer sees the world from a lowly human standpoint; he conceives it as it really is: boundless, fathomless and one in essence. He is momentarily endowed with superhuman power; nay, who knows, he may get acquainted with the miraculous powers of the All, of Whom he is a worthy son.”

The hush of twilight had now descended upon Earth, and a beautiful, calm stillness had gradually soothed Velmar’s turbulent mind. He had listened intently to Psyche’s story, which, at first, had seemed to be a wonderful fairy-tale, but gradually had adopted the hues of reality, of truth.

And he was half ashamed of himself;

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ashamed, because he had been weak and had begged a woman for something she could not give; ashamed, because he had desired and been the slave of disappointment.

But with the feeling of shame arose that of strength and faith, as a result of understanding. Where, before this, he had been viewing Life from the summit of a lowly hill, he now overlooked it from the top of a high mountain. With one glance he was now able to trace its borders; and he was dimly aware of the "why" and "how" of everything.

As he listened to the murmur of the city that nestled deep below in the valley, he thought of the thousands of human beings that were fighting their battle of Life; each one of them his own battle, with its own sorrows and joys, its own hope and despair.

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Most of them, thought Velmar, knew not why they were fighting. Life to them was a gift which they had been compelled to accept. And, naturally, they rebelled at the thought of sorrow and struggle.

How blind they were! There were socialists, anarchists, capitalists, creeds and societies, envying and fighting each other. How foolish, how utterly foolish! As if one could reach the realm of happiness by means of envy, grudge and hatred.

They were both blind — capitalists as well as socialists. Neither thought of giving; their only thought was to obtain more, more, always more. Could they only think as Psyche did. Would not then the real brotherhood of Man exist? Would not then everyone be happier?

Happy. . . . Strange that, a short while

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ago, when he had knelt before the woman who could not love him, the climax of his unhappiness had seemed to have arrived. Yet, now, he felt strong and happy.

Sorrow, then, was indirectly caused by the lack of understanding of the divine purpose of Existence.

She, Psyche, had taught him; she, whom he loved, but no longer desired to be his own, his very property.

He took her hand, and kissed it reverently.

“Thank you,” he murmured, “and forgive me my weakness. I no longer beg you for a love with which you cannot bless me. Your gift is even rarer than that of personal love. You have shown me the key to the mystery of Existence; you have taught me the secret of human brotherhood; you have pointed out

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the road to the Heaven we mortals dream about, but know not.

"I shall prove my gratitude by teaching the people in yonder town about the wonderful things you have told me.

"And now, farewell, Psyche. I am unable to find the words that could express my gratitude. Farewell, Psyche, and thank you, thank you."

But Psyche spoke not. Slowly she got up, then stood motionless and mute — a beautiful living statue, covered with the thin, dark veil of approaching night.

And the first stars appeared in the black-blue heaven; and the lights of the city below twinkled in the distance. A deep silence had settled upon the scene, and wrapped the world in peace and quietude and slumber.

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Velmar watched his companion. He was unable to move or speak. His whole being quivered with the sense of something ineffably beautiful, something divine.

Now she stretched her hands towards the sky, as if she wished to embrace the stars, the heaven, the deep, the still deeper deep, the All. . . .

Then Velmar saw the strangest happening he had ever witnessed. Psyche stood sharply outlined in the light of the rising moon. But, suddenly, the lines of her beautiful profile and her graceful figure became dimmer, still dimmer. . . .

A few moments afterwards, the night-breeze softly swept the spot where Psyche had stood.

Velmar stood awe-stricken, motionless—for how long, he did not know. The solemn

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sound of a distant bell striking the hour
brought him back to consciousness.

He lifted his hands to the mighty deep
above, and muttered: "Psyche . . . God . . ."

SWAN-SONG OF A MODERN FANATIC

I AM dying. . . .

I am not afraid. Soon the papers shall contain the announcement of the death of Mr. X., twenty-three years of age, who had been the victim of consumption. But this announcement should read: Mr. X's body succumbed yesterday through the effects of severe lung trouble. My body shall die; but I, my real Self, shall go on living.

Should I be afraid of the Unknown Beyond? There is no Hereafter, no Beyond. I am only aware of a Here, an everlasting Here.

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This fathomless Universe, this spaceless Space, is Here, whether I am imprisoned in a material body or not. And, surely, no secret closet is hidden in the bosom of the world-abyss, wherein the departed ones shall dwell for evermore. For Space, were this closet-heaven ever so small, would be a limited and therefore a material dwelling-place.

No, I am not afraid to leave this Life. For I am convinced that bodily Man and material Life are degenerations of something else that is more exalted, more sublime. Hades, that savage superstitious belief of yore that still terrorizes humanity with its imaginary soul-tortures — what else is it but material Life? O, ye fools, that cling to materialism: to financial schemes, the latest fashion and afternoon-tea parties. Think of the hidden forces that move the planets of the

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solar system: think of the endless depths of Space that ever were and ever shall exist, in comparison with—a slit-skirt or a newly patented buttonhook!

I do not belong to this present Life. I should have waited another century before appearing in a visible body. The force that creates bodily matter seems to be aware of this fact: for it slowly relaxes its hold on this prison-house of flesh, and my body is decaying; or as people would have it, I am dying.

What is the use of my living in this our “enlightened” age? Many are the secrets I wish to entrust humanity with, but few are the truths that are acknowledged as such. And thus it shall always be. Woe to the soul that knows! His life shall ever be one of crucifixion! His words of Wisdom shall be

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sneered at, to be accepted perhaps as universal truth a few centuries afterwards.

I, who am in the grasp of Death, shall utter my last roar of indignation at the almost unbelievable ignorance, the heathen-superstition and the pious hypocrisy that pervade humanity of the present day. Standing on the threshold of the so-called Beyond, which is merely a higher, a more spiritual, state of the material Here, I am able to see without seeing, to hear without hearing.

Go mutilate my grave, ye blind, materialistic men of Sciencec. Endow me with the venomous powers of your Satan, ye that undertake to teach humanity of the word of God. I, my Self, shall soon be beyond your merciless grasp. A power greater than ignorant criticism, greater than pious platitudes, shall have taken me — whither?

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Science answers with an eloquent silence ;
Religion with the fiery description of a burning
Hades.

Our present race has reached a climax of ignorance. It has reached a point of downward progress where blindness is equal to absolute darkness, where materialism is the perfectly built child of degeneracy. Humanity cannot go farther. As the ocean-wave loses its way towards the shore — the turning-point on its rolling path — and then seeks again the watery bosom, thus has our human race at present come to a momentary standstill on the shore of absolute materialism, which envelops it in a dark veil of total ignorance. And it is ready to return very slowly to the infinite bosom of the ocean of Wisdom.

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The above statement is probably, according to our scientists and, no doubt, the clergy too, the unhealthy vapor of a mentally unbalanced mind. To say that we, the inventors of the gramophone and the wireless, the founders of Sunday schools and rescue-homes for fallen women, have reached the climax of ignorance, is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, pure lunacy. This indignant exclamation merely proves, in my opinion, the intensity of the ignorance referred to.

Let no one be mistaken as to the ignorance meant. There is but one ignorance: existence-ignorance. And, indeed, when interpreting the Bible and other ancient works in the right manner—which, by the way our learned philosophers and pious clergymen are unable to do—we should marvel at the tremendous negative progress of existence-

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wisdom during the last ten to twenty centuries.

Overlooking the fact that Science has merely rediscovered truths regarding the visible Universe — truths that were known thousands of years before the Christian Era — it has, indeed, done nothing toward the solving of Life's problem. Science nor philosophy are able to tell me what peculiar transformation is taking place within me who am struggling with Death. Science is unable to reassure me, for the simple reason that our learned scientists are pure materialists and lack spiritual development. Scientists may analyze and dissect, theorize and calculate, but they shall never be able to discover the hidden power of Life — unless they mingle their ability to dissect material Universe with spiritual knowledge. Let the chemist study

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spiritual phenomena; he then need not draw the boundary line of knowledge around his hypothetical atom. For beyond the plane of matter lies the realm of spirit: nay, matter and spirit are one and the same substance, with this difference, that the former is the product of degeneracy of the latter.

And we, conceited, ignorant, blind little fools that boast of a wonderful civilization, of our enlightened age, our marvelous discoveries, our infallible laboratories, etc., etc., we are indeed the acme of degeneracy of the breath of Life.

What do I care, learned scientists, whether one molecule of water contains two atoms of Hydrogen and one atom of Oxygen. What matters, even, be the Earth ninety million miles distant from the sun. Reveal to me the nature of the hidden power of Life: the

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strange force that creates and moves the atom. Tell me whence I came, whence everything came — then only shall I grasp the now unfathomable phenomena of Nature.

If science, then, endeavors to satisfy my thirst to know by suggesting that I owe my existence to the birth of an antediluvian ape (may the Supreme Being be deaf to such superior Wisdom), I shall have to seek a refuge elsewhere.

There is the church. . . .

There exists a book, pregnant with superior Wisdom, that contains the very secret of God and Life, and that yet has done more to keep humanity in ignorance than even the scientists with their materialistic theories and viewpoints. This sad condition is not due to the fact that said book is worthless, but it exists because people have been taught to

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worship its ink and paper, instead of its essence of Truth.

There is an institution nestled in the very bosom of humanity that extends its roots from nation to nation, from city to city; that has tied up hundred of millions of dead capital in its elaborate temples, wherein an unknown Supreme Being is being worshipped, wherein humanity is being taught—nothing.

This statement is, no doubt, a blasphemous one. Be it so. Truth, when uttered in a world of ignorance, does sound discordant, blasphemous; while untruth sounds harmonious and divine.

Driven by soul-torture and anguish of death, I visited church after church, praying, hoping that my ear might catch the Secret

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Word that would disclose the fathomless depths of Universe.

“Give me rest!” prayed my soul; “surely, I who exist have a right to know whither I shall go after death, whence I came previous to my birth! Surely, I, who am an atom of this fathomless Universe, have a right to know What or Who caused my existence.”

And from the pulpit sounded the solemn answer: “Six thousand years ago it pleased the Lord to create Man in His own image.” Surely a more sublime suggestion than that of the scientists who claim the ape to be my ancestor. And yet—think of the Supreme Being shortening the Eternal hours by creating stars and human beings that are helpless in Its all-powerful grasp; bringing upon Its little worms of clay Joy or Sorrow whenever its pleases It; destroying a San Francisco by

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earthquakes, a *Titanic* by means of an iceberg.

If such is the God you worship, my brothers, I would indeed prefer to follow the example of the heathens of yore who worshipped the warm, vitalizing sun in the blue heavens.

There are countless ways of reading and appreciating the Bible. And the amount of Wisdom to be derived from this mysterious book depends solely upon the degree of spirituality of the reader. The most simple, childish and ignorant manner in which to read the Scriptures is to read them word for word and learn them by heart. This is the method followed by the church. It forces a volume of empty, meaningless words upon humanity that craves spiritual food. Innumerable dark sayings of the Bible are, often wilfully, not

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grasped by the teachers of the Word themselves.

The Bible is a chemical formula of a soul-medicine. But humanity at large is unable to read the chemical characters and symbols, yet worships the formula given to them. If they understood the meaning of those mysterious symbols, they would be able to prepare the medicine themselves. They would suddenly be able to gaze beyond the depths of Universe: for this medicine is Wisdom, Spiritual understanding.

Our descendants, my dear brothers, shall teach their children of one of the religions of the twentieth century; a religion consisting for 99 per cent. of materialism and, therefore, ignorance; a religion, it must be admitted, founded on a book of Wisdom — which book, however, was turned by people themselves

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into a book of Ignorance. These, our spiritually more developed descendants, shall further remark, with an air of superior pity, that this book of Wisdom was, in those olden times, a pearl cast before the swine. For, indeed, humanity of the twentieth century was blinded by materialism, and he that clings to material life and possession is shut out from the kingdom of Heaven, is barred from the realm of Wisdom and divine understanding. Even those that instructed humanity in those dark ages did not grasp the veiled meanings of the Bible. How could they? They were, like their brothers, thorough materialists, with this difference, that they knew the *words* of the book of Wisdom, and enjoyed a life-long salaried position. Even if they knew, they certainly were not willing to ponder over the great truth that he only can be a

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teacher of humanity whose path is one of thorns and rock, whose life is one of crucifixion.

Verily, I say unto you, my brothers, and especially unto those that think they teach the Word, verily I say unto you: he that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth; he that cometh from heaven is above all. Cling to material things, and your soul shall keep on slumbering; existence shall remain a fathomless mystery; sorrow and disappointment shall be your masters. But subdue your "Self" that ever wishes and desires, that is pleased with gold and wounded by sorrow; subdue your "I," and the kingdom of Heaven which is within you shall reign supreme. You shall be able to gaze beyond the remotest star of the heavens, beyond the atom of chemistry. The hidden power of

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Life that moves a Jupiter and a molecule,
that causes the fire to fall from the clouded
sky, and the electric spark to flash from the
wire—it shall be yours.

Verily, I say unto you: he that findeth his
life shall lose it, and he that loseth it shall
find it.

Would you know the secret power of Life?
Would you master and control it? Shall I
lisp the secret Word? Shall I give the hidden
formula?

Not I! Not I!

You, to whom the body is more valuable
than the soul and spirit, to whom comfort
and luxury appear to be the sole aim in life,
you would bring chaos and ruin among your
brothers. You would use this fire of the
heavens for your own benefit, instead of for

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the good of all humanity. You are as yet too much of ignorant children to know of such wonderful things. The time has not yet come. This secret I shall take with me—not into the grave as people would have it—but beyond. Nor think that it will be lost forever in the giddy depths of the Universe. It shall be jealously guarded until you, children, shall have grown up and shall be able to bear the truth. For the present, be satisfied with your child play of hypnotism, spiritualism, christian science and other isms. For the present, believe your great-grandfather to be a monkey, and light the vibration of the ether; for the present, believe that the Supreme Being created Adam six thousand years ago, and that Eve was created from Adam's rib.

Seek and you shall find! If you are unable

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to find it to-day, you shall find it in a thousand years from to-day. Eternity is, and can afford to wait.¹ Time is not, but only in your little intellect that is unable to grasp the things your soul can conceive.

Death is approaching. No time is given me to peruse the book of Wisdom and disclose its hidden meaning. This alone is the work of a life time. Nor would it be wise to acquaint my brothers with all the powerful secrets that slumber in its chapters. They are not ripe for such Wisdom. They would not understand. And even if they understood, they might use the newly found powers for their own selfish interest. For this is the age of Materialism and strong is he who has the power to resist the luring call of gold and property.

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Merely to prove that the Bible is not being worshipped for its marvelous Wisdom; that nothing else but paper and ink and empty words are being adored; I shall quote at random a few statements of the book of Wisdom, which statements are being swallowed and blindly repeated without their deep, significant meaning being grasped to the least extent. With regard to the creation of man for instance, we find the Bible to describe, be it ever so vaguely, a certain process of the former. The worshipper of empty words knows but of one creation of man, but the follower of truth reads very clearly of two creations.

In Gen. 1, 27, we read: "And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."

In Gen. 2, 5, is stated: "No plant of the

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field was yet in the earth — no herb of the field had yet sprung up: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground."

Peculiar indeed! There was not a man to till the ground. And yet we read in Chapter 1, 27, that God had created man in his own image. In his own image!

Perhaps the secret lies hidden in those four words. Perhaps Man was already, but only as an image of God, only as a spiritual being. For what do we read a few lines further on in Gen. 2, 7: "And the Lord God formed Man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

This is the second creation. Here man is being created once more, this time however

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"from the dust of the ground." The "pious" man may, of course, believe that man's flesh and blood were formed from the dust and the mud which are even too repulsive to mingle with our shoe leather. And it is probably the blasphemous unbeliever who pictures himself "man formed from the dust of the ground" as a visible, material, bodily man — a lower state, a degeneration of the man created "in the image of God;" a product of downward progress from the erstwhile spiritual, bodiless, God-like man.

Where, learned followers of Darwin, does your ape-monster come in, when reading this more than scientific book of Wisdom in this manner? Who knows, perhaps you shall some day disappoint the evolutionists in their ape-hobby by claiming that man is the ancestor of the gorilla, instead of the

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monkey being the grinning grandfather of man!

Why, teachers of the Word of God, do you wilfully overlook this downward progress of man's creation? Why do you not teach that man's second creation from the dust of the ground was the starting-point of sin, the birth of Satan, sorrow and misery? Is not material Life in truth the Hades you threaten people with after death? See how it causes you to suffer and despair; how it has over-powered that other part of you, which is "man created in the image of God," which is the Kingdom of Heaven, the Light, the Truth, the mysterious Beyond. Verily, I say unto you that 99 per cent. of your being is of the Earth and clings to the dust of the ground, while only one per cent. is the blurred image of God!

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When we add to the above that the very first sentence of the Bible is a mistranslation, should we not then be filled with despairing pity for blind, groping humanity? But what clergyman would inform the brethren of his congregation that the opening sentence of Genesis in Hebrew reads: "And the gods created the heaven and the earth!" And, yet, if he would take the trouble to trace the meaning of those "gods," if he could realize what hidden sublime powers are meant by them, he would certainly clarify his now troubled conception of the One Deity.

Is it blasphemy to believe, to know, that man and Earth were not directly created by the Supreme Being? I who am fearlessly facing your unknown Beyond, I say unto you: to state that the One Supreme Being, the In-

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effable, the Unnamable, the Incomprehensible, created this my lowly body and yonder heap of dirt — that, that is blasphemy!

The Bible is a book of Wisdom. But it is given to very few of us to grasp its essence of Truth. Ye that blindly repeat empty words and meaningless sentences, I beg to call your attention to the following statements of Christ, your Saviour:

Matt. 13, 10: "And the disciples came, and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them (the people) in parables?

11. He (Christ) answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven, but to them it is not given.

12. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but

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whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath.

13. Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand."

In spite of the above statements of Christ, we hear people blindly repeat the parables referred to, without even attempting to trace a deep, significant meaning in them. Materialistic humanity of to-day still sees and yet sees not. Neither does it understand. For people have not (spiritual qualities and, consequently, divine understanding) and from them shall be taken away even that which they have.

Notwithstanding I am dying, nothing shall be taken away from me — not even Life, sunshine and flowers. For I have, and therefore enjoy eternal Life. Nor am I broken-hearted

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because I must leave this material world with its sorrows and pleasures. It is yours to lose it, my brothers : I cannot lose it, for I have it not.

The Bible appears to be a book of Wisdom indeed. For in Revelation 13, verse 17, we read :

“ And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.”

And in the next verse :

“ Here is Wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six.”

The number of the man is 666, and one should arrive to this conclusion by counting the number of the beast. What sort of Wis-

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dom may this be? Does the pulpit explain such Wisdom? Is there any teacher of the Word of God who "hath understanding?"

It would appear that the author of Revelation very cautiously endeavored to impart his Wisdom only to him that "hath understanding." Hidden in a mysterious veil of numbers and figures, which were hieroglyphs to the public at large, the author gave out his Wisdom to a few elect.

Also Christ gave his Wisdom to a few elect, the apostles or disciples. To the public at large he spake in parables, for seeing they saw not and hearing they heard not, neither did they understand.

Ye brothers that worship paper and ink, empty words and meaningless sentences — how I do pity you!

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Birth and Death! Both exist for all that is made from the dust of the ground and everything pertaining to it. Thus is not only your body born to die or the star in the dark-blue depths of Space, but also seas and continents of our mother Earth. And with the continents have perished and shall perish races and their civilization. And new continents shall arise, new races shall appear.

Unknown to the materialists and dollar-hunters, a new race is being born on the North American continent. The germ of the coming philosophy-religion has taken root in the American mind. The latter is already far superior, far more broad-minded and universal than that of our European brothers. Let Europe bark at the policies and viewpoints of our president. Let big business and materialists criticize his anti-materialistic

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ideas. Superior Wisdom cannot be hurt by ignorant criticism. And truly, my American brothers, greater leader of your nation than Woodrow Wilson you have never had. The old conception of a leader of men being a brave, courageous Hercules, whose sword is ready to bring death and destruction unto your enemies, has shriveled within the web of the years. Let Roosevelt fight and be popular. Let Wilson think, grasp and conceive, and be unpopular. Verily I say unto you: the former shall lose his life, because he finds it daily; the latter shall find it, because he loses it hourly. Do not appreciate your president if you cannot. In years to come the now younger generation shall praise him as a great reformer of society. Wise men are generally appreciated after their day of burial. . . .

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Birth and Death! Neither exist for him who "hath." To him shall be given and he shall have more abundance. Eternal Life is his, for he has found it, and is aware of the reality of the same. He cannot even lose that which others have, i. e. material life with its apparent beauties and pleasures. And even I who have written the above "blasphemous" lines enjoy eternal life.

Would you inspire me with fear for the Deity, to Whom you have given the qualities of your own being? Children, you know not the Supreme Being, neither do I, nor does any human being. Nor does the Supreme Being know Itself. In your childish ignorance you picture the One as a "He." You are never tired of stating that "God is love." What is love, my brother? You tell each other that God is merciful, or speak of God's wrath.

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Indeed your spiritual conception is a little higher than that of the child of nature that worships a wooden statue; you are not in need of a tangible representation of the Deity, for your mind is able to picture a personal Being with your own good and bad qualities. But your conception of the One is a little lower than that of many a "heathen," whose ancestor realized, ten thousand years ago, that the Deity is impersonal and undefinable.

Picture yourself the Universe as it was before the beginning — empty, dark, deep, deep, still deeper. . . . There are no stars to follow a pathless path, no suns to heat the fields and meadows of planets. There is nothing beside that fathomless, infinite, Eternal Deep. This Deep, when considered from a materialistic view-point, is either naught or

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negative; but when spiritually conceived, it is positive. It is the One, the All, the Inconceivable. Not even a name should we give It, lest we should define It. Would you indeed, my brothers, say of this Incomprehensible One that It is love, that It is good or wrathful? Would you maintain that It created you in your present lowly body-form?

Indeed, I am ashamed of you!

The hour of Death has struck . . . , but Eternity does not even shiver. The dust of the ground collapses . . . , but the image of God is unmoved. Untruth reigns in this little earthly corner, but the Truth vibrates from world-center to world-center and beyond. . . .

The day is Darkness, but the night of the Unknown Beyond is Light.

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I am here; I shall always be here. . . .
Ye shall see me without seeing me, and hear
me without hearing me. . . .

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